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*With the Authors
and Recd to Farrington Lane Esq;*
HAISBOROUGH HALL,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "GASPARONI."

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

London :

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,
11, Raven Street, Whitechapel Road.

1847.



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P R E F A C E.

MOST folk of a certain age are fond of reverting to things done or said in times gone by.

So am I.

And I speak with gratitude, and am happy in availing myself of this opportunity to express the pleasure I feel, in acknowledging how much I am indebted to the "Literary Gazette," "Morning Advertiser," and others, for their favorable notice of my former effort of the muse, "GASPARONI."

And in the humble hope that no one, who will take the trouble to read this little book, will rise a worse man than he sits down to the perusal of it; and that the critical world will extend the same indulgence to this work as on a former occasion.

I am,

With the profoundest regard,

Their very obedient Servant,

J. F. BROWN.

TO THE READER.

THE Author of this humble effort of the Muse, begs leave to lay before the reader a succinct account of the hero of the Poem, so that the Poem itself may be thoroughly understood by the reader, as he proceeds with the perusal of the narrative.

Hunks (an assumed name for our hero) is the eldest son of Sir Robert ———, of Haisborough Hall, who, having quarrelled with his father, on account of his paying his addresses to an amiable, but very poor girl, arouses his father's baronial pride ; who, (in order to wean his son from the object of his affections,) determines to send him to sea in a Slave ship, of which the Uncle of our hero is part owner and captain.

In the Second Part of the Poem, during the absence of Sir Robert, I introduce the poor girl to our hero's mother, who was once herself a girl in very humble circumstances ; and I reconcile her to our hero's mother, and also to the father, who bitterly regrets having parted with his boy.

In the Third and Fourth Parts of the Poem, I have taken our hero across the ocean ; the crew of the ship having determined to destroy him, he is providentially rescued from his perilous situation by the appearance, in the offing, of a ship in the same abominable trade. That ship is commanded by the brother of one of the crew of the ship in which the boy sails.

Our hero then proceeds to Brazil, where (after many years) he has amassed a fortune, and returns to England ; but “ his parents or Mary he never sees more.” He arrives an infidel, and becomes a misanthrope.

Being of an active turn of mind, his position in society enables him to become the officer of a parish ; his duty being to relieve the distressed, the poor, and the needy : how he fulfils his allotted mission the Poem itself will tell.

It may be necessary to remind the reader (by way of apology), that many sentiments herein expressed are not those sentiments usually entertained by men having a due regard to the well being of society.

But the reader is earnestly reminded, those sentiments are put into the mouths of men who feared neither God nor man.

C O N T E N T S.



	PAGE
HAISBOROUGH HALL, Part I.	1
Part . . . II.	19
Part . . . III.	35
Part . . . IV.	51
Part . . . V.	69
Part . . . VI.	89
Oh ! the peasant's happy, happy home ! . . .	105
Epitaph on John H——	106
The evening was stormy with snow and with sleet .	107
I sank in sleep and dreamed a dream . . .	112
One morn in November	113
Verses written in my Son's Bible . . . ,	119

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part I.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART I.

I'll tell you a tale, and I'll tell it in rhyme,
That you may remember some other time,
Of a villain who lived and died hated (you're sure),
For he spent his whole life in oppressing the poor.

Such fiends are like conscience, they never can sleep,
Whilst a heart's left unbroken—an eye left to weep ;
Unquiet and restless they eke out their life,
For ever in anguish, for ever in strife.

Such wretches may plan, and escape from the rope,
But they live without love, and they die without hope ;
Misfortune's pale children unheeded may call,
But an all-seeing Providence governs us all.

But stop, I'll replenish the ink in my pen,
Too sluggish it flows for such tigers of men,
But the cries of the wretched still ring in my ears,
And I'll write, tho' I blot the dark page with my tears.

With my bat in my hand I was playing at ball,
When (in search of adventure) Hunks left the old hall ;
As he passed me in haste, the wanderer smil'd—
I remember it well, tho' I was but a child.

He had quarrel'd with those dear to heart and to home,
And had made up his mind on the ocean to roam ;
With tears in his eyes, and with quiv'ring lip,
His father (in sadness) went down to the ship.

She was bound for the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone,
Her trade was a dark one they dare not make known ;
Her Captain (a heathenish tyrant) well knew,
His power of command o'er that infidel crew.

Lost to home, and to country, and reckless of life,
To them 'twas mere pastime, engaging in strife ;
But they mutter'd amongst them, THAT youngster's a spy,
And as soon as it comes on to blow he shall die.

Some asked, why the captain should take him on board,
When there's plenty of treasure, and we're well manned
and stored,

And to this but one answer, one fearful reply—
As sure as it comes on to blow he shall die.

But one spoke out boldly, and said to the others,
The young man's unlucky with one of his brothers,
We all had our reasons first going to sea,
And that spy, as you call him, as likely as we.

'Twas murder, he hinted. and careless, he said,
It was no use in grieving too much for the dead ;
We all had our reasons first going to sea,
And that spy, as you call him, as likely as we.

And another spoke out, he'd committed a rape,
He had seen the old father, who plann'd the escape ;
And heard some words pass 'twixt the father and son,
That fully convinced him the deed had been done.

'Twas cowardly work, when a man could take wing,
To stop for the bloodhound, and hang for the thing ;
He had heard some words pass 'twixt the father and son,
That fully convinced him the deed had been done.

And another one spoke, the old castle was fired,
And a man that he answered was all was required ;
The question he'd ask when he got out to sea,
Who lit up the castle,—was't you or was't me ?

There were worse things than that, if we only but knew
Where the d——l his bettermost mischief might brew ;
He'd ask the young man when they got out to sea,
Who lit up the castle,—was't you or was't me ?

But the mess is broke up, and each man to his post ;
The slaver is signal'd, no time's to be lost.
Weigh anchor, my lads ; up sail and away !
Nothing short of a frigate our courses shall stay.

In vain do they burn their blue lights from the shore,
In vain up to windward, their cruisers they pour,
In vain do they hail us, we stand out to sea,
And we hoist the black flag in derision and glee.

There comes a faint whisper among the green leaves,
That Freedom shall smile where the Ethiop grieves ;
There comes a hoarse murmur along the rude deeps,
The unfetter'd shall flourish where Liberty sleeps.

The change shall be wrought by Jehovah's dread power,
Who, unworshipped, still reigns on that infidel shore,
They may bow to their idols, of wood and of stone,
But ere long shall Salvation's glad tidings be known.

And their fetters shall fail, who consign to the wave
The offspring of freemen, and child of the slave ;
And Liberty's jewel, now hid in the mine,
In their bosoms be set who in Slavery pine.

In vain do they burn their blue lights from the shore,
In vain up to windward, their cruisers they pour,
In vain do they hail us, we stand out to sea,
And we hoist the black flag in derision and glee.

When the earth is disturbed, from the ant-hill they creep,
Each emmet repairing his part in the heap ;
When the foot's on the nest of the hornet or wasp,
They strike the offender as fierce as an asp.

When the cowardly tiger is tracked to his lair,
He springs on the hunter in frenzied despair ;
'Tis all for dear life, and the blindest may see
The why and the wherefore no mercy hath he.

But the pirate or slaver, for gold or for blood,
Without pity or mercy, by land or by flood,
His hot blood runs riot with slaughter, and still
With vengeance unsated he works his fierce will.

To him, murder's a pastime—the law is a jest—
The martyr'd may sing till they sleep with the blest ;
The hurricane cursing him, groans round the mast,
But give graves to the timid, and peace to the blast.

The captain looks wrathfully up at the sky,
For night's coming on and a tempest is nigh ;
And the crew one by one walk sullenly by,
For there stands by his side that youngster the spy.

The lots have been drawn by that infidel crew,
And the dice have been thrown who shall lay in perdue ;
In the depth of the night a dark deed shall be done,
And one shall be missed by the next morrow's sun.

It has fallen to the lot of the Spaniard, and he
Stands close to the taffrail, and looks on the sea ;
And, anon, o'er his shoulder with murderous air,
Looks wistful to see if that youngster is there.

His weapon is hungry which hangs by his side,
 Full often that blade the assassin has tried ;
 But 'twere well, thought the wretch, if the scheme had
 been blown,—
 He's the pit of a boy I once had of my own.

Still his honor's concern'd : Oh ! spare us, ye gods !
 When honor's concerned, we all fight against odds ;
 For battle or murder no reason we show ;
 But that youngster is gone with the captain below.

Now treason may breathe, whose breath (for awhile)
 Fear had stifled to silence, and murder may smile ;
 For mutiny mutters defiance to all
 Who refuse to assist in their secret cabal.

And the guilty are treading that slippery deck,
 And whispers pass current, the vessel to wreck ;
 Wild schemes are devised, who the booty shall seize,
 When they run her on shore and escape from the seas.

But hark ! the deep thunders are rattling aloud,
 Pale lightnings now hiss from the sulphurous cloud ;
 'There's a crash and a bustle among the ship's hands,
 And the captain on deck in nudity stands.

And he prays and he curses with fear and with rage,
Each man to his post 'till the storm shall assuage ;
And still the wild waters triumphantly sweep,
Destruction a path on the pitiless deep.

The crew are not idle, in darkness and dread,
“ Down sail,” cries the captain,—’tis blown to a shred ;
Now the boldest among them, the phantom-ship sees,
And her sails are all set as she bends to the breeze.

In the glare of the lightning again she’s descried —
Within hail—now nearer—and now alongside ;
Her captain stands laughing, and tells him in sport,
He’ll meet him below if he’ll name him the port.

There’s a negress beside him with babe on her arm,
The same who was thrown overboard in a storm,
Her wul-wullah she shrieks, claps her hands with delight,
And again all is buried in darkness and night.

Now louder than ever the tempest doth rage,
Now wilder than ever the waters engage ;
The ill-fated vessel is struck by a sea,
And again is the phantom-ship under her lee.

And he hails the *Orion*, he'll lend her a hand,
When the decks are swept clean, and she makes for the
land ;

And the fiend fairly chuckles and spreads out his chart,
And points to the region where Sin pays her smart.

“ Where's Courage,” said Fear, more dead than alive,
“ Where's Hope,” said Despair, for we never shall thrive,
'Till the ship of that youngster is lightened, and then
We may look for smooth seas and fair weather again.

Below in the cabin, with many a quip,
Swings the lamp to and fro with the staggering ship,
Its dim light falls on features as ashy and pale
As ever were blanched by the fear of a gale.

O, for home ! dearest home ! that youngster is prone,
But his aching heart tells him that he is alone,
That Heaven, in its mercy, is punishing those
Who build up their fortunes on other men's woes.

O, for home ! dearest home ! his bosom now swells,
And he hears (in his fancy) the glad village bells,
And the love of his boyhood, his Mary stands near,
And pressing his cheek bids him be of good cheer.

His parents no more will forbid them to meet,
Full oft with sweet raptures again they may greet;
Like an angel she'll tend him, whate'er he pursue,
For the lowly are lovely when gallant and true.

And is it a vision?—he sees her fair form,
But hears not the shouts upon deck, nor the storm,
Whose horrors increase:—but his spirit is bow'd,
And he groans to behold, Mary—there in her shroud.

She smiles with a coldness that freezes his blood—
Would to God he had perished long since by the flood;
The rose that he placed in her bosom is there,
But 'tis faded and perished, 'tis leafless and bare.

'Tis vanished, like hope from the dying man's bed,
Who thinks this world's riches will stand in his stead;
'Tis like this world's riches, departed, but not
Like the wealthy man's promise, so quickly forgot.

With fear and affright his pale forehead is damp,
And the heel of the ship has extinguished the lamp;
The darkness is dreadful; would he were on shore,
That a mother, in tears, might forgive him once more.

Adown the companion the fierce lightnings glare,
Oh ! where is the captain, his spirits to cheer ;
He hurries on deck,—the captain is hoarse,
In cursing the helmsman to alter his course.

Mark you yon beacon,—we're making the land,
A point to the wind, or the vessel you'll strand ;
The impious crew are now mute with delight,
'Tis the Eddystone light that's now heaving in sight.

There's a hurry and scurry on deck and below,
And fierce looks are given, whose meaning we know ;
The groaning ship labors, wild waters o'erwhelm,
But the captain is still with the man at the helm.

Who dares disobey me, or thwart me, thought he,
Not the boldest or bravest that ever crossed sea ;
I'll sink with my ship, or I'll perish on land,
But in death, as in life, I'll still hold the command.

And is it the fear of a watery grave,
Or the hope, that in danger, the captain can save ?
Is it fear of the Spaniard and murderous knife ?
Makes that youngster to weather the deck for dear life.

Too shrewdly he guesses their purpose is dark,
That 'twas madness with villains like these to embark ;
His fortune he curses, his fate he bewails,
He sickens at heart, and his courage it fails.

When at home, he was happy as any on earth :
Now where are those joys of the family hearth ?
Oh ! why did his idle heart e'er wish to rove,
From friendship's fond smile, and the glances of love.

They swear by the darkness, they swear by the light,
The Spaniard shall do what's allotted that night ;
And the fiendish crew mutter and murmur outright,
As though hell had no prison to cage in her spite.

He eyes the bold captain, he watches the lad,
He's so like his own child, that the thought drives him
mad ;
If he fails he must fall, for the crew are all bent
With the blood of that youngster their wrath shall find
vent.

Yet heedless of life, as the tempests that blow,
He carelessly paces the deck to and fro ;
But firm to his purpose and true to his oath,
With bloody intention he watches them both.

But the tempest is hushed, for the deluging rain
Has abated the wind, and has silenced the main;
And the fiercest that sails with that impious crew,
Bids Mercy a-welcome, and Vengeance adieu !

By the skill of the captain a harbour is gained,
And mutiny's mute, that so wildly had reigned ;
Of the ship's name or captain no whisper is heard,
But the crew are all ready for sea at a word.

That youngster is safe from the murderous steel,
The future alone shall fresh troubles reveal ;
His fears must keep silence, or the danger's the more,
For they watch him too closely to venture ashore.

END OF PART I.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part II.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART II.

The moonbeams are sleeping on Haisborough Hall,
And their silvery slumbers all silently fall ;
But loud are the wailings that ring in that pile
For one who has left it in sorrow and guile.

Fond bosoms are yearning, (by trouble subdued),
And with tears salt as brine lovely cheeks are bedewed ;
Bitter anguish speaks loudly, but womanly fears
Are ever unheeded till watered by tears.

'Tis a poor consolation, that fatherly pride
Has set the fond hopes of affection aside ;
The price is too heavy, too fearful the cost,
When those whom we love in the issue are lost.

Ambition and pride, far more jealous than love,
May sneer at those gifts we receive from above ;
May revile the pure spring-tide that flows o'er the heart,
Rejoicing that love and affection must part.

The moonbeams are sleeping on Haisborough Hall,
And their silvery slumbers all silently fall ;
But loud are the wailings that ring in that pile
For one who has left it in sorrow and guile.

The nightingales sing in the neighbouring dell,
And into a chorus their tender notes swell ;
That those now far distant, but treasured so well,
Shall return with the fond one in raptures to dwell.

Look out from thy casement thou sorrowful fair,
And hear the glad music that floats in the air ;
Look out from thy casement, there's never a cloud
To mar the devotion of nature so proud.

By that fond beating bosom and those fast streaming eyes,
The bitter dark truth 'tisnt hard to surmise ;
Thy heart in thy maidenhood surely was lost,
And thy prospects in life with thy first love were crossed.

Oh love ! in thy picture the shadows are dark,
Thy dove with her olive branch misses the ark ;
And o'er the wild waters of sorrow and grief
Her wearying wings find no rest or relief.

When we look as we love, and we speak the glad word,
In a maiden's fond bosom we strike on a chord ;
Not a harp in all Zion could take up the theme,
And play us the air of that glorious dream.¹

Look out from thy casement, thou sorrowful fair,
And hear the glad music that floats in the air ;
Look out from thy casement, there's never a cloud
To mar the devotion of nature so proud.

She smiles in her sunbeams, she laughs in her dew,
She glories in laurel, she mourns in her yew ;
She startles with tempests, but seeks her repose
(When the storm-clouds depart) with the slumbering rose.

The shepherd lone wanders along the hill side,
When the heather's lit up by the summer's noon tide ;
And he gathers his posey for love and dear May,
While his flocks in contentment and peacefulness stray.

In the warfare necessity makes for the poor,
He stands in the van and he aims the blow sure ;
Honest poverty smites, and where thickest the strife,
To the wreck of his hopes he still clings for dear life.

Devastation sits down to her cruel repast,
He fears not the tempest, nor shrinks at the blast ;
Too stubborn for sorrow, too sturdy for care,
He rejoices in hope when the hill side is bare.

Nature is not for ever in holiday trim,
Let the sky be o'ercast, the horizon be dim ;
He sees that she's weaving her mantles of snow,
To shelter the flowers that in spring-time may blow.

Contentment still reigns at his happy fire-side,
Where poverty often his patience has tried ;
But his wife sits there smiling, his children are near,
“ Thy boy is in safety, Oh ! would he were here.”

Oh ! weep not, fair lady, for him that's away,
Whom weak minded anger has tempted to stray ;
Thy prodigal son shall return from the deep,
On the neck of his mother repentant to weep.

It was not for honor, it was not for gold,
Nor the love of adventure that made his heart cold ;
'Twas a hard-hearted father that drove him from home,
And the love of his boyhood on ocean to roam.

But as sure as stern winter is vanished and gone,
When the blackbird begins his sweet lessons to con ;
And as sure as the summer is coming this way,
When the linnets begin to rejoice on the spray.

So sure shall the cause of thy anguish—thy son,
To his sorrowing father and mother return ;
And sheltered from tempests and screened from the blast,
In heart-stricken sorrow mourn over the past.

Weep not, fair lady, tho' thy anguish be deep,
All-merciful heaven will its promises keep ;
'Tis a hazard to run in the lottery of life,
To give way to a grief or to treasure up strife.

But look from thy casement, that maiden behold,
Whom thy son in his arms would so gladly enfold ;
She seeks thy forgiveness, compassion—Oh ! spare,
For the sake of a heart that's now riven with care.

The door is thrown open, my lady comes down,
And disguising her grief, meets the maid with a frown ;
To the fire-side a sofa she listlessly draws,
But love and affection will plead their own cause.

Her arms she throws wildly around her dear neck,
And her heart in her anguish seems likely to break ;
“ Oh ! for Robert’s dear sake, pray forgive me !” she cried,
“ Yes, for Robert’s dear sake,” the fond mother replied.

And each other they kissed, and together they wept,
And from each other’s bosom no secrets were kept ;
But fondness in pity to anguish so wild,
Sobbed loud in compassion, “ Oh ! Mary, my child.”

For the sake of dear Robert, thy Robert and mine,
Through me shalt thou never in loneliness pine ;
From my heart I forgive thee, whate’er may befall,
Thou shalt ever be welcome at Haisborough Hall.

And again the salt tears issued forth in a stream,
And it seemed the fulfilment of love’s sunny dream ;
That whether ’tis fortune or fate ties the knot,
What Heaven has allotted no mortal can blot,

Oh, mother ! they thought it was riches and gold,
That tempted my heart to be barter'd and sold ;
Oh, mother ! dear mother ! no riches I crave,
But the hand of my Robert this side of the grave.

Oft, oft, have we met by the side of yon stream,
And wept o'er our fate in the gloamings pale gleam ;
Oft, oft, have we plighted each other our troth,
What awaited the one should be shared by us both.

The fond youth whom I love is far far away,
And over his vessel the tempests may play ;
I sicken at heart, would to God I were there,
His courage to strengthen, his dangers to share.

And, again, in her anguish tears give her relief,
For the flood-gates of sorrow dry rivers of grief ;
And again speaks that lady, “ Oh, be of good cheer,
For the sake of my Robert thou'lt ever be dear.

Oh ! what is the world and the glittering show,
That those icicles—pomp and position bestow ?
Oh ! what is the world and its vanity fair,
Where wealth the bold juggler feeds passion on air ?

The pang that afflicts thy dear bosom I've felt,
And to merciful Heaven I've sorrowing knelt,
And found, when the burden grew heavy to bear,
Kind Providence answered the desolate's prayer.

Like thou, my sweet Mary, a poor cottager's child,
I found, to my sorrow, my passion reviled ;
But Love's fervent beams surely sunder the cloud
Of poor pride, let her tempests ride ever so proud.

The cold blasts of neglect in their loftiness strove,
To smite with fierce hail the sweet blossoms of love ;
But the glory of Constancy lieth in this—
When those blossoms once set, they shall burst into bliss.

The father of him who had won this poor heart,
When I craved his compassion, oft bade me depart ;
And sheltered his frenzy for wealth and a name,
By hazarding tales that might end in my shame.

Aye, the father of him whom I loved to my soul,
When tempests were raging and wild winds did howl,
Would sternly and wrathfully, bid me no more
Presume, in my rashness, to darken his door.

And still his fond mother and sisters, so dear,
Bade me heartily welcome, and be of good cheer ;
Still I tremblingly knelt for the blessings of Heaven,
When sorrow and anguish my bosom had riven.

And thou wilt find sisters, dear Mary, to cheer
Thy wearisome steps in a journey so drear,
And this aching heart tells me, whate'er may befall,
Fond welcome awaits thee at Haisborough Hall."

The servant has been to the young ladies' room,
To tell them the sweetheart of Robert has come,—
None can guess of her errand, surmises are vain,
But the tears of my lady are falling like rain.

O love ! thy fond frenzy ne'er lit up the eye,
But beauty's pulse quickened to throb a reply ;
Thy faltering tongue never whispered his name,
But woman rejoiced till her heart caught the flame.

Below, to my lady, they hurry them down,
And they kiss the fair stranger with many a moan ;
But affection and fondness inspirit her suit,
And her tears trickle down, but her sorrows are mute.

Oh! that he, whom she loves, could but gaze on that scene,
And once more behold her untroubled, serene;
Oh! that he, whom she loves, in those transports could
 join,
And rejoice with the girl of his heart at that shrine.

Such rapture is hopeless, her grief is renewed,
And too much for a bosom by trouble subdued,
O'erwhelming despair all her courage disarms,
And the sad one sinks fainting in Emily's arms.

The Squire has returned to Haisborough Hall,
His spirit is lonely, his heart is in thrall,
And the home that he courted seems lonely and drear,
Since the boy he so cherished no longer is there.

The obsequious menial has let the Squire in,
And dreads what may follow the scene from within;
My Lady, approaching him, welcomes him home
And listlessly leads the Squire into the room.

The tempest may gather, and hurry, and flee,
But who is the stranger they tend on the knee?
There was wretchedness out, and there's misery here,
"But what ails the wench?" said the Squire with a sneer.

And he stands in his anger unmoved as a rock,
While the wife of his bosom embraces his neck;
For the sight of that maiden his senses benumb,
And his mortified pride is with agony dumb.

“ Sir Robert, forgive her ; remember the time
When thy parents regarded thy own love a crime ;
Forgive, in remembrance of him that’s away,—
Forgive, for the sake of his mother, I pray.”

To the feet of the parents of him she adores,
That maiden kneels down and forgiveness implores ;
And stifling her sobs she clings close to his knee,
“ And what means the wench in thus clinging to me ? ”

The obdurate heart is far harder than stone,
But anguish will hurl even pride from his throne ;
The dark hail of man’s wrath with wild passions may strew
But the clouds that reach earth surely melt into dew.

And touched by compassion, aye, touched to the quick,
He lifts up the maiden, she hangs round his neck ;
And with moist burning lips she kisses his cheek,
For her heart is too full other language to speak.

“ Oh Mary, poor maiden ! I’ve wronged thee and mine,
In thinking my riches were all but divine ;
The gulf that divides the rich man from the poor,
Has yawned for thy peace with a purpose too sure.

Away with the pomp of these liveried walls,
The barren escutcheons of Haisborough Halls ;
Away with the pride that will let go for naught,
The hearts of the humble with constancy fraught.

These features have wrinkled with pride and with care,
And the troubles wealth bring are indeed hard to bear ;
The child of my bosom deserts me, and those
Who should cheer my old age, now my counsels oppose.

“ But as sure as there’s mercy in heaven for the just,
And as sure as the angels are true to their trust
Who guide thee and guard thee,” I’ll welcome thee home,
Whenever to Haisborough Hall thou wilt come.”

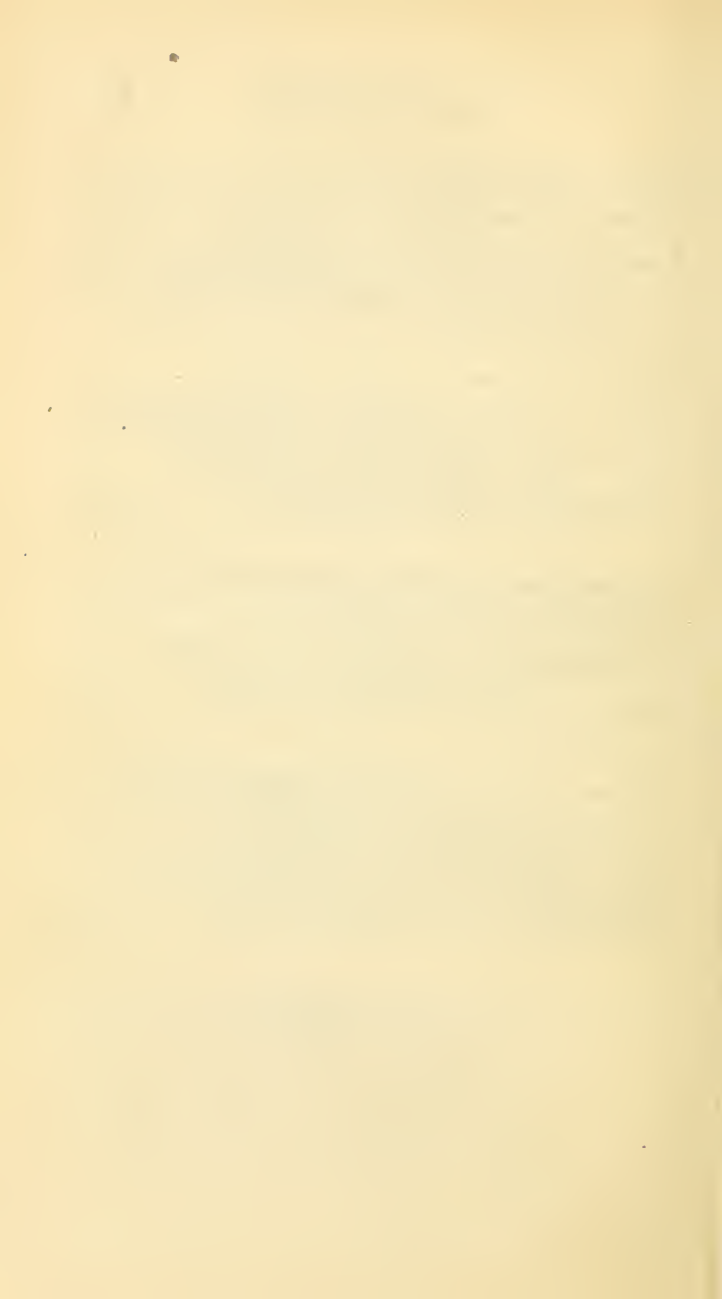
Hast thou e’er beheld ocean heave with delight,
When the sun first rose in his morning might ?
Hast thou listened to hear the little birds sing,
When the hurrying tempest had taken wing ?

One by one those choristers three,
Thrush, mavis, and linnet join in the glee ;
Chanting the tidings of peace and good-will,
While the forest stands weeping in solitude still.

The sun-rise on ocean is welcome we know,
And the choir in the woodlands is gladsome I trow ;
But of all that can gladden the heart here below,
There's none is so dear as a reconciled foe.

And Sir Robert surrounded by those he holds dear,
In sorrowful silence is shedding a tear ;
And embracing that maiden like one of his own,
His sorrowing heart to forgiveness is prone.

The moonbeams are sleeping on Haisborough Hall,
And their silvery slumbers all silently fall ;
But the nightingales sing in the neighbouring dell,
A triumph for her who we all love so well.



H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part III.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART III.

The hawk to his quarry, the hound to his game,
The hot lips of the lover to the cheeks of his flame ;
But take care of your honor, my heroes, I pray,
Weigh anchor my lads, up sail and away !

And crowd every rag of a sail to the blast,
Tho' 'tis blown into shreds, though it shiver the mast ;
For the wary Philistines are out ; so no more
Must the idle Orion be hugging the shore.

We'll teach the Philistines we're as wary as they,
If we're slave dogs, we're hounds that were never at bay ;
And we'll trace them a path by the whitening foam,
Shall pilot them on to the mariner's home.

We seek no engagement, for fighting's their boast,
Navigation's the trade we are skilled in the most ;
But, hark ye ! my lads, a well shotted gun
Is the right tune to whistle, when all's said and done.

So be up and be ready, but handle the ship
As though we were out for a holiday trip ;
But it strikes me ere midnight they'll find their mistake,
When our topmasts are struck, and the westward we make.

To weep, or to pray for, we know we've few friends,
And the thread of man's life has no couple of ends ;
So give danger the go-by and sorrow the slip,
He who's given to grieving but sails a wet ship.

So weigh anchor, my lads, up sail and away,
And take care of your honor, my heroes, I pray ;
And crowd every rag of a sail to the blast,
Tho' 'tis blown into shreds, though it shiver the mast.

How smoothly the thread of life rolls off the reel,
No dangers to combat, no sorrows to feel ;
To him who has money his joys to increase,
The four winds of heaven breathe nothing but peace.

But such men horror-hunting, go preaching in packs,
And they find no men's wrongs are so dark as the blacks ;
Like a porcupine ready to shoot you a quill,
If you talk of Jamaica, or whisper Brazil.

They may trade for humanities, others for gold,
But no cargo pays better than " life in the hold ;"
So humanity-mongers may whistle their stave,
But our freedom's the freedom to barter the slave.

And we sell him a bargain, no own can disown,
Who are judges of muscle, and sinew, and bone ;
And a planter ne'er trusted in heaven, 'tis plain,
For his fields to be weeded, or cropped with the cane.

Our sweets would be sours, if we only depended
On the pace of a scamp that could never be mended ;
And a whip makes them lively, who can't understand
What slavery's made of, except by the brand.

The cat in the navy made many a one
A hero, who else had ne'er stood to his gun ;
If such discipline any one likes to dispute,
In battle a tyrant or two he can shoot.

The bravest have fallen by the very same hand,
In many a distant and far-foreign land;
But we all swear that victory watched their last breath,
Who so sadly fell into the cold arms of death.

Then down helm and up sail, and breathe to the wind.
The love that we bear them we're leaving behind;
But the others that care not for you or for me,
We deride as they flounder away on our lee.

With wrath or with courage their bosoms may burn,
But the unlucky rascals are dropping astern;
The oft exchanged signal we well understand,
Farewell to the slaver that's leaving the land!

When their courage is cooled and their hopes are all chill'd,
They'll find fault of our craft, both her mould and her
build;

And they'll say that a slaver can live in a sea,
Where death the official can never claim fee.

But it is to be hoped, and it is to be feared,
For fame or prize-money the wrong course they've steered;
And th' *Orion's* bold crew both one and all hope,
To hang them they'd give not an inch of her rope.

And there's many fine things as excuses they'll find,
For not hauling their courses well up to the wind ;
And a tale be trumped up, and ready at hand,
They saw us all founder when far from the land.

But the powers of all power, the powers that be,
Who lord o'er the tyrants, who rule o'er the sea,
Shall father the lie, with obeisance bland,
If a nincompoop titled-one has the command.

And they'll wish the *Orion* had never been built,
To give such a triumph to venturesome guilt ;
And the mildest amongst them wish tempest or squall,
Had signed the round-robin for captain and all.

But their captains shall hear their sweet names very soon,
In a manner shall change all their valor to swoon ;
For they'll hear at court-martial a sad awkward name,
For those who are seeking promotion and fame.

Now heroes and gallants the *Orion's* our boast,
So handle her handsomely, each to his post ;
And crowd every rag of a sail to the blast,
Tho' 'tis blown into shreds, though it shiver the mast.

Now well-behaved hearties, she answers right well
To her helm tho' cross seas the wild waters swell ;
Now well-behaved hearties we shorten no sail,
But with full flowing canvas we'll weather the gale.

That forest, as yet, has'nt shadowed the land
That shall furnish the timbers our fire to withstand ;
Nor their hearts, as yet, used to the ways of the deep,
From the water's wild waste the *Orion* to sweep.

So sing merrily, ho !—as the wild winds blow,
And fortune's bright tide sets in for the flow ;
Here's the gay gallant hearts that venturing go,
While Philistines look on with a scowl on their brow.

And we're bound for blue water and Sierra Leone,
Where the slaver can always make friends with the Don ;
Where the mistress of ocean is met by a sneer
From Spaniard, or Yankee, to gallant Monsieur.

Unfettered by treaties we traverse the seas,
And we're safe in our calling with friends such as these ;
Secure from all danger till tempest shall break,
So a bumper to slaving we'll drink upon deck.

Then down helm and up sail, and breathe to the wind,
The love that we bear them we're leaving behind ;
And the Providence gentry, so bland but so blind,
To strangers or foreigners wonderful kind.

But we're all of a mind, that 'tis better to trust
To the winds and the waves for a drink and a crust ;
That 'tis better to trust to the waves and the wind,
Than the Providence gentry we're leaving behind.

But 'twere well if they mended their manners and gave
The freeman a preference over the slave ;
But, we put their benevolence down at its worth,
Who grind flesh and blood in the mills of the north.

But Mammon is hungry as Famine. For gold
The negro must never be bartered or sold ;
But be it the whites, mammon preaches the sin,
Letting loyalty out and humanity in.

Law, order, religion, their priesthood may cry,
Peace, peace, quoth their statesman, but slavers must die ;
Peace, peace, quoth the hireling, but tax daily bread,*
Till peace with the poor is but peace with the dead.

* The Corn Law Bill was not then passed.

But we're all above dying for order and law,
And that puppy Religion his own tail may gnaw ;
The gallant *Orion* when well manned and stored,
Leaves quackery and quakers to go by the Board.

But where's the Philistines that stood in our tack,
“Gone ashore for their sweethearts to welcome them
back ;”

We'll spare them, my lads, but hot metal we'll find
For the sailors that get between us and the wind.

“And where's our young merchant?” said one of the crew,
As a rope he was coiling he carelessly threw ;
“He's desperate fond of his cabin methinks,
And does'nt much care if the ship swims or sinks.

Excuse us all, captain, we've fairly left land,
There's a mystery about him we don't understand ;
He seems for our company rather too high,
And the long and the short on't, we think him a spy.

We think it no good, but a very bad sign,
When young gentlemen take to the smelling of brine ;
Chaps who never keep watch for fighting or sailing,
You may take all our robin, are never worth hailing,

We don't mean to quarrel, but think we discern,
There's just one too many betwixt stem and stern ;
He seems rather young, too soft in the path,
And the ship would sail better without him than with.

We wish him no harm, poor young fellow, but then
If we sail on a venture, let's sail it like men ;
We'll baffle Philistines, or battle rough weather,
Or if we must hang, let's all hang together.

For thirty long years I've sailed in the trade,
And seen as hot cargoes as ever were made ;
Below and on deck, till the quakers could see
With what sort of a freight we had put out to sea.

And times out of number when standing in shore, "
The foxes to windward upon us would pour ;
Admiring a harvest they never could reap,
While the sticks stood in the Congo, the pride of the deep.

And times out of number we've sailed them, and beat
The tortest built craft of their gingerbread fleet ;
But oft pressed so hard while the chase did abide,
That one half of our cargo went over the side.

Now there's never a man in the ship—I say, man—
But knows all the dealers from the Coast to Soudan;
But that youngster, we don't reckon him as a hand,
For there's a mystery about him we don't understand.

We don't mean to quarrel, but think it as well,
In case a thing happens, our story to tell,—
If he misses a muster, don't think it a shame,
If the devil-a-one of the crew takes the blame.

For fighting or sailing, whate'er you command,
Crew and captain shall surely all go hand in hand;
'Tis no part of our robin to alter what's planned,
But the glass of that youngster runs short in the sand."

"Sharp work!" cries the captain, and smiles as he lowers,
And with nerves of a tiger he trembles and cowers;
"But listen, brave fellows, and a little relent,
And you'll hear in two two's that you're on the wrong scent.

That boy's father and me are two brothers, and he
Is determined to follow his fortunes at sea;
Flesh and blood are strong bonds when all's said and done,
He shall play at the game, if 'tis only for fun.

His old father hates me, and he hates his old father,
Through a loving affair that's snapped short in the tether;
Some asses disdain to be led by a child,
Lest half-witted wisdom by love be beguil'd.

I don't blame the young fellow—the girl is but poor,
And, God help us! her parents are rather obscure,
What of that! the old sinner had no right to part
His boy from the girl of his choice and his heart.

You may think, as the youngster don't come upon deck,
He wishes to see the *Orion* a wreck;
When love's disappointed, the bargain goes wrong,
All the gold in the Indies would go for a song,

But giving him credit for honor and truth,
We'll pass all that over—a mere trick of youth;
He'll look at that picture that's hung round his neck,
A long time, ere he wishes the *Orion* a wreck.

With rhino and letters of credit, galore,
No man put to sea in a slaver with more;
And as for his love of the trade, or the trip,
There's none like it better that sails in the ship.

Blue jackets are scape-goats for fortune and fate,
And they sow their wild oats when the seed time is late ;
And we'll let him sow his ; but as for his shot,
I'll take care that we share every ha'porth he's got.

He's a whim in his head troubles all at an end,
By his trusting the winds and the waves for a friend ;
We'll cure him of whims, if ye mind me, and show
Him his dice were not made for so heavy a throw.

We'll keep a short log of the lengths that we go,
When the youngster we get to Soudan or Bornou ;
'Till then, my brave fellows, put confidence still
In your messmate and captain, with hearty good will.

I don't speak of the shame, I don't speak of the sin,
But I can't bear the thoughts of the blood of my kin—
His blood for his gold, is your meaning, I guess,
We'll spare one—but the other we'll have ne'ertheless.

That youngster, I never did reckon a hand,
But the mystery about him I well understand ;
He thinks more of the girl that he's leaving behind,
Than he cares for the dangers from waves or the wind.

His old father hates me, and he hates his old father,
For some love affair that's snapped short in the tether ;
'Till the old sinner's fortune is vanished and gone—
The uncle's, hail fellow, well met ! with the son.

We're up to the secret, 'tis honor and fame,
Makes Philistines look fierce, while we slavers are tame ;
But humanity blinks in a tropical sun,
If there's nothing but honor and fame to be won.

Then a cheer for the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone,
Where the slaver can always make friends with the Don ;
And take care of your false-bottomed chest, my young
blade,
When the *Orion's* outward-bound voyage is made."



H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part IV.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART IV.

The cabin lamp flickers, the stars are all dim,
And the tempest is singing its funeral hymn,
Our captain is merry, what matters to him,
With such seamen on board, and his ship in such trim.

“ If sickness approach us, or pestilence smites,*
The shark is our chaplain,—that parson delights
In taking his tithe of a crew, and we go
Where the poor find a friend, and the rich one a foe.”

Abroad flies the lightning and lights up the deep,
The path is all clear for the course that we keep;
Ere many suns set the reckless and bold,
Will have taken a cargo of “ Life in the Hold.”

* The reader is referred back to the last paragraph in my address to him, at the beginning of this book.

Then a cheer for the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone,
Where the slaver can always make friends with the Don;
And take care of your false-bottomed chest, my young
blade,
When the *Orion's* outward-bound voyage is made.

“ Ha! ha! boys, strike topmasts, a sail heaves in sight,
Port your helm, and we'll trust to the darkness of night;
Not a soul of her crew, boys, let's swear every hand
Shall speak the *Orion* till under the land.”

“ She's a cruiser in chase, sir, I think I discern,”—
“ Be she cruiser or devil, we'll leave her astern;
She might prove a friend; but, oh, by the powers!
There's no friends but hot shot in a calling like ours.

Humanity-mongers may scour o'er the main,
Their craft is a crazy one, their chase is in vain;
'The *Orion* is taken,'—for a bit of such news,
They'd sell their own Saviour again to the Jews.

'Tis a beautiful night for Philistines, I trow,
Clear your decks, and keep safely that youngster below,
Chicken-hearted, he wears against fighting a charm,
But be that as it will he shall come to no harm.”

“ ’Tis a brig, sir, a yankee, oh ! first of delights,
My brother commands her, just look to her lights —
A blue rocket and green one ; and that was the sign,
We vowed to exchange if we met on the brine.

“ The bold yankee his star-spangled banner may flout,
May prate of his freedom, and liberty shout ;
He’s as daring a humbug as ever crossed sea,
And the price of a slave none knows better than he.

As a child of the plains, or as son of the waves,
He traffics in kingdoms, as well as in slaves ;
Whether thinning a nation, or peopling a wood,
In warfare or traffic, his genius is good.”

“ You very well know, sir, I’d a ship of my own,
Which I lost in the trade when off Sierra Leone ;
Since then, where he sailed from I ne’er could make out,
Or I’d sail with my brother no manner of doubt.

Fire port-fire, sir, I’ll bet all that swims on the main,
A blue rocket and green one she’ll fire off again ;
Let me fire a green rocket, I ll wager my head,
She’ll answer by firing port-fire in its stead.”

“ You may fire off your rockets in friendship, but mark,
The first fires a rocket, I’ll give to the shark ;
And the first who brings fire upon deck I’ll cut down,
And him and his friendship together shall drown.”

“ She’s in the same trade, sir, and none will deny,
But that too many dealers make markets run high ;
I don’t want to salute him ; still I’d like him to know,
His brother’s not gone with the shark down below.

Remember, my captain, when every hand,
Had sworn from their captain to wrest the command,
When the glass of that youngster ran short of the sand,
’Twas I that first spoke of the robin they planned.

Tho’ their hatred they smother, the crew are all bent
With the blood of that youngster their wrath shall find vent ;
And whisperings, mutterings, fall from each lip,
A muster will come, he’ll be missed from the ship.

Now mind me, my captain, we’re well manned and stored,
But ’twere pity if innocence went by the board ;
To that youngster I’ve taken a liking, and he
Whatever my fortune, my messmate shall be.

He often has told me he's bound for Brazil,
Our fortunes are wedded for good or for ill ;'
" Keep the helm hard down, one more point to the wind,
And the yankee may look for our ship till he's blind."

" My brother's a sailor, as clever a hand
At handling a ship, sir, as ever left land ;
Let me fire off a rocket, I'll wager my head
She answers by firing port-fires in their stead."

" Keep the helm hard down, one more point to the wind,
And the yankee may look for our ship till he's blind ;
And look out for your rocketing friendship, but mark
He that fires it, shall walk down the plank to the shark."

" Now pardon me, captain, I seek not dear life,
My days may be numbered, I've pass'd them in strife ;
But my fears for that boy makes my bosom to groan,
He's the pit of a boy I once had of my own.

Flesh and blood are strong bonds, he's your own brother's
child,

Be merciful, captain, tho' passions run wild ;
For Conscience still whispers to you and to me,
'Twasn't love of adventure that sent him to sea.

'Twas a hard-hearted father that drove him from home,
And the love of his boyhood, on ocean to roam ;
I know it all, captain—I know it all well,
For he'as not been above me his history to tell.

With Hope for his anchor, and Love for his craft,
In Life's voyage he ne'er shall be taken abaft ;
While there's strength in this arm, or fresh blood at this
heart,
From that dear little youngster I never will part.

But dealing will suit him much better than sailing,
Where dangers or troubles are always a-hailing ;
If adventures he wants, he can just take his fill,
And I'll be his white servant in swarthy Brazil.

And no doubt, sir, he'll prosper—he's young in the world,
And his passions, like ours, ne'er been twisted and twirl'd,
But the lesson he'as read while with us on board,
To the day of his death, in his mind will be stor'd.

Had you ne'er a loved being you could look in the face,
And see nothing in it but pitying grace,
Whose being seemed linked with your own, you could die
Or would live for, and reasoning couldn't tell why.

Had you ever this feeling ? conclude not in haste,
You may sip of such joys, and none others may taste ;
And reflect—tho' reflection be wormwood and gall—
An o'er-ruling providence governs us all.

We doubt not your prowess for good or for ill,
To save him your own dearest heart's blood you'd spill ;
But that's moonshine, my captain ! —just make the
exchange,
And with him and my brother the wide world I'll range."

The captain looked wrathful—the captain turned pale,
Flesh and blood are strong bonds, but they've little avail
When the heart is concerned ; and here in its throne,
Sat the pit of a boy that brute had of his own.

Could he part with that youngster, whose fortune was made
Could he once but succeed in that hazardous trade,
He was pledged to establish the boy ; now his hopes
Were like ship without helm, or a sail without ropes.

And with palsying passion he quivered each limb,
And the trembling tears render'd his vision quite dim :
Had an angel from heaven been hovering by,
He'd have wiped the tear from that ruffian's eye.

The captain looked wrathful—the captain turned pale,
Flesh and blood are strong bonds, but they've little avail :
Age and reason to youth may their homily read,
But the heart in its suffering eschews the dark creed.

Tornados might threaten, siroccos might blow,
Would to God that a slatee had got him in tow ;
But who was this yankee ? the Spaniard would fain
Fire rockets to signal, it may be in vain.

'Tis true the crew threatened to take the boy's life,
And that Spaniard already had whetted his knife ;
But Providence stood (if there be such a power)
'Twixt the knife and the boy, at that very same hour.

And now conscience-stricken—aye conscience!—that
word,

The crew would shout mad if the sound on't they heard—
Conscience-stricken, he pleads for the boy, and to take
Him away from the ship, and his fortune to make.

Then up came the youngster, essaying to speak,
(The blood from his lip, and the ash in his cheek,)
With his hand on that ruffian's shoulder he stood,
And thus timidly spoke to the dealer in blood :

“ Oh, uncle—dear uncle ! do govern thy rage,
I’ve read a dark lesson with blood on the page ;
My parents or Mary I ne’er shall see more,
If thy infidel crew can once get me ashore.

They think me a traitor, they call me a spy,
And have made up their minds like a dog I shall die.
Ah ! little I thought when first tempted to rove,
Fate fought with such weapons ’gainst Reason and Love.

If my life be worth saving, this Spaniard has saved it,
If danger’s worth braving, this Spaniard has braved it ;
Let me sail with the yankee from tempest and tide,
Secure as a petrel on ocean I’ll ride.

The world has no bounds for ambition—the heart
Marks no dangers upon its susceptible chart ;
But fervor and frenzy commingle to blot
The danger that is with whatever is not.

But I’ve sworn to the Spaniard—aye, sworn on that book
I never dare read in, and I dare not o’erlook—
Aye, I’ve sworn that whether for good or for ill,
With him and his brother I’m bound for Brazil.

When I think of my Mary no solacæ have I,
From the crew who stand listlessly, sullenly by ;
When adown these pale features the burning tears roll,
The smile of those heartless ones freezes my soul.

Love of lucre will turn into icicles cold,
The current that runs in the veins of the bold ;
But the dark sullen tide of black treachery I know,
Though deeply and stilly its waters may flow.

The crew have vowed vengeance against me, but still
I encounter their hatred with resolute will ;
'Tis all for cursed gold they the fatal web weave,
'Tis all for dear life I my uncle must leave."

"Clew up your top lifts," cried the captain : " Be firm,
And true as the needle, you'll come to no harm.
If you've made up your mind, my dear boy, you shall go,
And you never shall find in your uncle a foe.

Tho' I sink with my ship, or I perish on land,
In death, as in life, I'll still hold the command ;
But as soon would I part with a rib of my ship,
As I'd part with my boy till the end of the trip.

Sight and signal your brother, Samuda, but mark,
If mischief comes on it, you go to the shark ;
When your brother you sight, you can signal to steer
For Whydah, and he'll find the *Orion* is there.

And I'll make the exchange for two of his hands,
That moment the *Orion* gets under the land ;
(If there be such a power) I'll Providence trust,
And as sure as I live, to the boy I'll be just.

To the uttermost farthing his cash I'll restore,
And an excellent outfit I'll give him once more ;
And although it goes much 'gainst this obdurate heart,
From that dear little youngster I *must* and *will* part.

I'll call the ship's hands up, and tell them my mind,
(To comply with their wishes I'm always inclined) ;
Or some night I may sleep and awake on the brine,
And find the *Orion* no longer is mine."

"The strange brig's bearing on us, her stripes and her stars
Make her handsome enough, but she's been in the wars ;
She's flashing her guns, sir, her topsails are gone,
But she swims well enough tho' she's standing stem on.

She fires off a rocket, sir, blue as the heaven,
And as sure as the world 'tis a signal that's given ;
Now she fires off a rocket as green as the deep,
Where sharks play and gambol whilst mermaidens sleep.

“ How shall we sail now, sir, or how shall we steer ? ” —

“ Up rocket, Samuda, up rocket and wear ; ”

“ How shall we steer now, sir, or how shall we sail ? ” —

“ Now, Samuda, 'bout ship and let's come within hail.

Now muster the hands, and we'll send through the ship,
The news the boy leaves at the end of the trip ;
And we'll hear what they say of the false-bottomed chest,
And whether they mean that the treasure should rest.”

The evil one strives to bring hopes to a wreck,
And here were his ministers pacing the deck ;
But Satan was baffled, the sequel will shew,
For their hearts had all failed them, the *Orion's* crew.

For up stood the captain, in doubt and in ire,
His eyes brimmed with tears, while his heart was on fire ;
“ What say ye, my lads, shall that lubberly boy,
At Whydah re-ship in another employ ?

I know all the voyage you've thought him a spy,
And had made up your minds like a dog he should die ;
What say ye, my lads, shall that lubberly boy,
At Whydah re-ship in another employ ? ”

Then out spoke the foremost, (the one that of yore
Had planned the round robin,) “We'll spite him no more ;
To our former opinion we've all bade adieu,
And now we consider him one of the crew.”

“ Oh, pity !—dear, pity !—thy tears are the dew
The thirsty heart droops for in sorrow anew ;
Oh ! uncle, dear uncle, the crew are all bent
On thy Robert's destruction—I know their intent.

They may change their opinions as oft as they will,
But I and Samuda are bound for Brazil ;
And may He whose chariot rides 'bove the storm,
Give law to the lawless, and shield thee from harm.”

Loud was the captain, and mute were the crew,
As he piteously bade his dear Robert adieu ;
And they looked at each other, and wondering stood,
To see the heart moved of that dealer in blood.

“Farewell my dear boy—good Samuda, farewell!
Take care of my Robert, you love him full well;
May friendship, green friendship, that flourishing vine,
Around both your hearts for ever entwine.

Though we’ve broken the law, and will break it again,
In braving—for slaving—the tempest and main;
We’ll hope those who follow us never may sin,
That those who play falsely life’s game may ne’er win.

What’s pity or mercy to me or to you?
Our trade is a bloody one, still I’ve been true;
My word I’ve ne’er broken whatever has past,
And now, in my trouble, I’m true at the last.

The truth is a glorious weapon to wield,
Whenever, wherever, the just take the field;
Samuda, I trust, when we’re gathered to dust,
That sword in its scabbard may never take rust.”

NOTE.

FOLLOWING up the history of my Hero after his arrival in Brazil, it was my intention when I planned this little work, to have (however feebly) exposed the cruel and disgusting practices resorted to by slave-dealers and slave-owners ; but the following paragraph, from a leading article of the *Times* of September 30th, 1846, so well expresses my reason for abstaining from the recital of such horrors, that I ask leave to give it insertion.

“When the poor at home have been rescued from the horrible fate to which they are doomed by the present state of the law and its infamous administration, philanthropy may honourably devote its surplus zeal to the service of the African, or any other call that may stand in need of assistance from christian benevolence.”

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part V.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART V.

The parish authorities meet in conclave,
Some burdens to sink, some expenses to save,
And fresh rules to lay down how the poor should behave,
Whose hopes are all blasted this side of the grave.

The iron has entered the souls of them all,
And the handwriting's fixed on the bastile wall ;
Wine, spirits, or beer, or aught to cheer,
The bastile tenantry they ne'er shall come near.

And we're christians, say they, but we'll let the folks know
They seldom shall reap who never did sow ;
'Tis too much to be borne, that the wealth we create,
At a pauper's decree should be paid from the rate.

Our crest is a vulture, we seal our decree,
With the motto, *'tis law*, and vain is their plea ;
To merciful heaven the wretched may kneel,
But we are their guardians, and vain their appeal.

We'll make Hunks, the old slaver, our overseer,
For he's void of all passion—love, envy, or fear ;
If a pittance is wrung 'twill be given with a sigh,
For he's deaf to the wretched and desolate's cry.

In the waters of strife he's been steeped to the lips,
And the sun of the wretched man's hopes he'll eclipse ;
With well-feigned compassion he's cunning in guile,
And he'll kill them with kindness who long for his smile.

We've many choice maxims to guide us in sin,
And to silence the meddler that whispers within ;
What was first taught in Egypt we'll practise again,
'Till the tears of the hopeless shall fall like the rain.

To the parish, as guardians, a duty we owe,
What's lawful we give, but the bounty comes slow ;
So be beauty abashed and be misery mute,
While power (the gay wasp) takes his choice of the fruit.

Then down with the rate and the tears it may cost,
Let the famished sum up who make it their boast ;
That whether our fortunes be weighty or small,
An o'er-ruling providence governs us all.

On the threshold of wealth pale sickness declines,
With bitter neglect honest poverty pines ;
Unvisited, helpless, and wretched, he prays,
The Father of Mercies to shorten his days.

We'll make Hunks, the old slaver, our overseer,
For he's void of all passions—love, envy, or fear ;
If a pittance is wrung 'twill be given with a sigh,
For he's deaf to the wretched and desolate's cry.

The commission will feel we've selected a man,
Calculated in every respect for their plan ;
The poor and the helpless to drill and dragoon,
To something like order, till death 'comes a boon.

And now let us have our new officer in,
To tell him his duties at once to begin ;
With well-feigned compassion but disheartening frown,
To hunt cases up, but pauperism down.

“ Hunks, every gentleman here is your friend,
Take office at once, to your duties attend ;
But remember, my man, we're all of us poor,
The rates press so hard, we need'nt say more.”

Hunks bows to the board, with a leer for awhile,
Then, like a tame tiger, departs with a smile ;
Thought he, the next board-night, as sure as I live,
An account of my stewardship surely I'll give.

To the next bleak Monday the board stood adjourned,
And thither the footsteps of poverty turned ;
And Misery, rendered by wretchedness, bold,
Her tale to the adder in fearlessness told.

“ Tell your tale to the board,—a pretty to-do,
That rates should be levied for wretches like you !
If you and your bantling should get what you ask,
I shall think the board schoolboys, and have learnt the
wrong task.

Tell the board what you want,” the old slaver said,
She curtseyed, “My child and I'm famished, Sir—bread.”
“ Your child, and you're famished,—whose child is that
pray ?”

‘ My husband's, sir ; he, to my sorrow's, away.”

“ I dare say, your husband’s !” my bold brazen face—
And the slaver’s appealed to—“ What is this case ?”
“ Her husband’s in prison for poaching, sir ; she
I know nothing good of her, more than of he.”

“ He’d no work to do, sir, and the winter was dead,
And the game that he took was to get his child bread ;
There’s plenty of work for poor people’s skill,
But farmers can’t give work, although they’ve the will.

And if I’d work to do, sir, I would’nt come here,
To have my misfortunes read o’er with a sneer ;
If I beg bread, I’ll beg it ; but from those I’ll near take
Who speak ill of my husband, my spirit to break.”

“ Hush, hush, my good woman, we’ve heard that before,
’Tis an old tale to us that we’ve heard from a score ;
You are famished, you say ; keep from sorrow and sin ;
Here’s the house at your service, you’d better come in.”

“ The house, sir !—the palace of *Famine*, you mean !
Where order grows sharp as your hunger gets keen ;
The house, sir !—the jail ! where the turnkey stands by,
And refuses to tell if you live or you die.

And the same kind jailor will read you your prayers,
Who bullies poor folk till they're timid as hares ;
And the same bell tolls to your meals and the grave,
When Death knocks the fetters away from the slave.

The vermin fare better that riddle your banks,
And nibble your crops for the squire's empty thanks,
Than the men who stand by you increasing your store,
And are always delighted to see it run o'er.

Hungry bellies are never so easily filled,
As when hedges are neat and the land is well tilled ;
But depend on't an unruly spirit is there,
When misery's mocking both Hope and Despair ”

“ Hush, hush, my good woman, we've heard that before,
'Tis an old tale to us that we've heard from a score ;
You're famish'd, you say ; keep from sorrow and sin ;
Here's the house at your service, you'd better come in.”

“ Your stackyards are safe, while you cage us all in,
And prate about misery, sorrow, and sin ;
Let sin do its utmost, and sorrow its worst,
If I darken your doors again may I be curst.”

“Turn the reprobate out!” said each of the Board,
And they clamoured to see the poor wretch in the road;
Mind—this was done in a christian land,
As sure as I’m holding this pen in my hand.

’Twas a bitter night, and icicles cold,
It came to her heart she had been over bold;
’Twas a bitter night, and bewildered she stood,
As one that’s beset by a multitude.

“Oh! how can I banish the thought from my brain,
My appeal to their mercies was useless and vain;
Oh! where can I shelter my delicate child,
From December’s cold blast that runs riot and wild?”

The country I’ll leave, and to London I’ll go,
Tho’ the journey be drear and my footsteps be slow;
And the wretches who huffed me shall share in the blame,
If it comes to their ears that I’m living in shame.”

Still it rings in her ears—“We’ve heard that before,
’Tis an old tale to us that we’ve heard from a score;
You are famished you say; keep from sorrow and sin;
Here’s the house at your service, you’d better come in.”

In London arrived, wet, wearied, and cold,
Pinching hunger and fears for her babe made her bold ;
And she did what mercy forbids to unfold,—
For the sake of her sex it shall never be told.

“ Oh ! this ill-gotten gain will procure me a bed,
Oh ! would I could sleep and awake with the dead ;
Do not moan so, my child, for it flies to my brain,
Which burns like a furnace to see thee in pain.

Thy father knows nothing to what I've been driven,
Or his heart by the tidings would surely be riven ;
Do not moan so, my child, it disturbs my poor brain.
I shall never dare look on thy father again.”

In the loneliest part of a dirty street,
Where the wretched at nightfall the heartless might greet ;
That outcast has taken an unfurnished room,
For herself and her babe, and she calls it her home.

Tho' the shattered roof let the waters within,
To chill that abode of sorrow and sin ;
And the four winds of heaven with desolate din,
At the curtainless windows came sighing in.

And she huddled and cuddled her babe to her breast,
But it failed to afford it food, comfort, or rest ;
And frenzied she gazed on the cold hearth-stone,
And listened to hear the winds whistle and moan.

Listened to hear the winds whistle and moan,
And frenzied to gaze on the cold hearth-stone ;
She pondered and puzzled the live long day,
Till the last gleam of sunshine had melted away.

Then shuddering, at night, she stole forth to sin,
Tho' she loathed the desire and its purpose unclean ;
And the salt—salt—tears would oftentimes start,
While those who embraced her she cursed in her heart.

Pride and anguish forbids them to publish their shame,
Or thousands, poor wretches, could tell you the same ;
But their spirits can't brook it their troubles to tell,
To cold hearts and dry eyes, while their own bosoms swell.

But I took up my pen on purpose to write
The hard-hearted down, and I'll do it this night ;
For the cries of the wretched still ring in my ears,
And I'll write, (tho' I blot the dark page with my tears).

Mock Virtue—mock Charity—have had a long reign,
'Tis high time that we rent from cold bosoms the twain ;
Mock Pity and Modesty have had a long rule,
'Tis high time that they all had ceased playing the fool.

Shall fiction be read and the truth not be told,
Lest mealy-mouthed hypocrites think us o'er-bold ?
Shall misery's wan cheek ne'er beam with a smile,
To hear the hard-hearted but flourish awhile ?

Month after month rolled silent away,
And still to the heartless she feigned to be gay ;
Till sickness and famine in deadly array,
Came and threatened her dear little baby to slay.

While she went out one night for a blessing or curse,
She had given her child to a neighbour to nurse ;
And with trembling limbs, and with grief quite blind,
She came home penniless her baby to mind.

Sheltered and screened from the cold night air,
Laid her sweet little child, but no neighbour was there ;
And she lifted her hands in the wildest despair,
And shrieked till 'twas piteous to see and to hear.

There her own dear baby lay struggling with death,
(As lovely a child as ever drew breath) ;
And it seemed a sin to her motherly heart,
That so soon from her own flesh and blood she must part.

And she watched and she wept, and she wrung her hands,
To see the cold sweat on his dear forehead stand ;
And silently weeping, again—and again—
That fair forehead she kiss'd, while her tears fell like rain.

“ Oh ! come to my bosom,” she hushingly sighed,
“ Come and die in my arms ! ” she despairingly cried ;
“ Oh ! smile on me once more my joy and my pride,
For this cold world without thee were hard to abide.

And I am an outcast—and hand in hand
I walk with despair thro' a christian land ;
But that day do I rue, when I met by a sneer
The offer when made by that overseer.”

Famine tore at her heart-strings, (the cupboard unstor'd),
While the desolate wind in the chimney roared ;
Dear mercy was absent, sweet pity had fled,
And hopeless despair hovered there in their stead.

And again she shuddering, stole forth to sin,
Tho' she loathed the desire and its purpose unclean;
And death closed the eyes of her joy and her pride,
While her lawless and merciless calling she plied.

And what cared the guardians or overseer,
'Twas relief to the parish in mind they must bear;
They were not placed in office such nonsense to hear,
As the cries of the wretched, or wail of despair.

Month after month rolled silent away,
And still to the heartless she feigned to be gay;
Till her last dark resolve as famine stood by,
She'd go down to her own native village to die.

And where is she now?—in the cold church-yard,
And robins sing sweetly above the green sward;
When the valley and shadow of death are all past,
The just shall find mercy in heaven at last.

“ Now, Hunks, the next case, push the business on,
We shall sit here all night and no business be done;
My Lord has a feast, at the Crown there's a ball,
And we doing nothing, are absent from all.”

“ Tell your tale to the board,” (the old slaver cried),
“ But ’tis clear to get work you never have tried ;
I wouldn’t give much for your chance, for you know,
Your tongue goes as fast as your fingers are slow.

You’ve brought enough bees all the parish to sting,
But go in, and speak up, for time’s on the wing ;
I wish you success, but I cannot but think
You’re to blame to turn pauper for victuals and drink.”

And broken in spirit, more humbled by far,
Than the sharp-practised thief at the criminal bar ;
The famine-worn peasant a suppliant stood,
Bethinking their hurry forebode him no good.

“ Are you sick, my good man?” — “ Yes, sir, sick of my life,
Since famishing round me are children and wife.”

“ Are you married, good man?” “ Oh ! let my wife say,
Since you are the gentleman gave her away.”

“ Let your wife hold her tongue, and attend to the Board,
If you answer our questions your case shall be heard ;
Are these all your children,—and is it your will
The parish should father whole families still ?”

“ I’ve had eleven children, and now I’ve but five,
’Tis all that gaunt famine has left me alive.”

“ Then why did you marry ? no means to uphold
So many dear little lambs to your fold.

We’ll find you a home, but think on’t again,
Ere you make up your mind in the house to remain ;
For we separate all ; that’s the law, my good man,
So you’d better keep out of the house, if you can.

We’ll teach you a lesson, shall stand you in stead
Of an appetite, if you will eat lazy bread ;
And your dear little children we’ll bring up in school,
Far away from your vicious example and rule.”

“ And must I be parted from children and wife ?—
And have’nt I sworn to protect them through life ?
Oh ! no, my kind gentlemen, heaven forbid,
That I for such heartlessness e’er should be chid.

Your economy does’nt agree with my creed,
For my children I’ll live, for my country I’d bleed ;
But the features of those that they love they shall read,
And to h——with your schools, and fast may they speed.”

“ Turn the reprobate out,” said each of the Board,
And they clamoured to see the poor wretch in the road ;
And the children that helplessly clung to his side,
He kissed one by one, as they piteous cried :—

“ Oh ! husband—dear father—Oh ! what shall we do ?
We’ve not tasted a morsel since Friday, you know.”
“ Then go back, my sweet wife, my dear children, go back,
I can see that there’s blood in my destiny’s track.”

And the famine-worn peasant with tears in his eyes,
Snatched himself from all that on earth he could prize ;
And when the blest morn with its rosy tints broke,
In the union his widow and orphans awoke.

I took up my pen on purpose to write
The hard-hearted down, and I’ll do it this night ;
For the cries of the wretched still ring in my ears,
And I’ll write tho’ I blot the dark page with my tears.

“ Now Hunks, the next case is the strumpet Ann Glynne,
(’Tis a bad case), tell the wench and her bastard come in.”
Now Modesty, tell them you take in the news,
And its father is one o’the lost tribe of the Jews.

“ Well Ann, the board thinks that your sweet pretty face
Has done you a mischief—but tell us your case ;
You’ve brought on your parents a world of disgrace,
That will take a long life from the board to efface.

Is David the father, who worked on my farm,
And absconded ?” — “ He is, sir, and where is the harm ?
’Twas only the want of the clergyman’s fee,
Made a wanderer of *him*, and an outcast of *me*.

Parson Adams may chuckle, and blind as a mole,
Persuade you ’tis all for the good of the soul ;
But believe me, you’ll find that his fingers are lithe,
When Michaelmas comes, and he handles your tithe.

You will not—you dare not—refuse me relief,
But which of the board will take pity on grief ?
You’ve sisters and daughters, but none can divine,
Their’s may be the very same trouble as mine.”

“ Well, a shelter for you and your bastard we’ll find,
But the cage for such strumpets were more to our mind ;
On No. 2 diet we’ll feast you, and then,
We’ll see after that if you’re fond of the men.

Hunks, write her admission, and let us get done,
And be sure that the diet is not No. 1 ;
My Lord has a feast, at the Crown there's a ball,
And we doing nothing, are absent from all."

The tempest is raging and lashes the hail,
The broad window panes of the pauper jail ;
Thought Hunks the worst of all weather is frost,
The guardians will find to their parish's cost.

" Oh ! Hunks, you callous old heathen, don't think,
For me those sweet pretty fingers you'll ink ;
Though faint is my spirit, and feeble my form,
Your mercies I'll leave, and I'll buffet the storm.

My parents will never refuse their own child,
A shelter while pitiless tempests run wild ;
The star of my hope burns both feeble and dim,
And the cup of my sorrow is filled to the brim."

Over the sands of the sea beach lay,
The unhappy girl's lonesome and wearisome way ;
In the summer I've heard the distant bells chime,
While going that road full many a time.

The very next morning the wreckers came past,
In search of the prizes the sea had upcast ;
And a bonnet and shawl they found on the shore,
But Ann or her infant were never seen more.

“ There’s none can deny that the utmost concern
We feel for the needy, but let us adjourn ;
For my Lord has a feast, at the Crown there’s a ball,
And we, doing nothing, are absent from all.

We’ve heard more than we wished, but have all done
our best,
That the wrongs of the helpless should all be redrest ;
If there’s any more cases, Hunks look to the rest,
For you very well know how to manage them best.

Give the maimed to the doctor, the sick to the nurse,
Th’ importunate a promise and sight of your purse ;
The lame and the lazy the jail or the house,
Where those who deserve it may curse or carouse.

But whatever you do, when the wretched insist,
On the score of their sufferings, your heart to enlist ;
Though your mercies are great let the bounty be small,
Or as sure as the world you’ll bankrupt us all.”

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L,

Part VI.

H A I S B O R O U G H H A L L.

PART VI.

The scourge of the poor and the tool of the great,
With aspect forbidding, behold Hunks in state ;
With smiles that would freeze you, or countenance stern,
Denying the bread that he never did earn.

Unwept by the pity that Charity sings,
Unswapt by the pestilence Poverty brings.
The aged man totters to Hunks for relief,
And finds that his mercies are sere in the leaf.

Want shivers before him, Hunks is blind at the sight,
As though all his senses were shrouded in night ;
Famine gasps for a boon with a resolute air,
Hunks is deaf to the blast of that trumpet despair.

Deaf to the blast of that trumpet despair,
When famine appeals with a resolute air ;
And blind as the sightless he glozes it o'er,
When a pittance is wrung—O ! would it were more.

But the guardians have told him, the poor law allows
To famine and wretchedness nought but the house ;
'Tis a favor he grants them, so let them not rail,
While they eat parish bread they are kept from the jail.

There's hundreds now living, who know that I speak,
The dark bitter truth, tho' my verses are weak ;
And scores who have trembled before him, confess
I the guilty one paint in his happiest dress.

For the widow no pity, for the orphan no grief,
Hunks makes up his mind to withhold them relief ;
They must wait till the board meets ; wait ! aye, and then
They must wait for inquiry again and again.

Palsied age comes trembling and tottering in,
To his sorrowful tale Hunks replies with a grin ;
To his own flesh and blood, Hunks thinks of a truth,
Some grievous dark wrong he has done in their youth.

Or from parish to parish his children, no doubt,
Would ne'er let their parent be bandied about ;
“ 'Tis a judgment upon you (said Hunks), that's quite clear,
Let God's providence work, for I won't interfere.”

Mind, this was said in a Christian land,
As sure as I'm holding this pen in my hand ;
But the wretches before the Almighty must stand,
Who inflicted this heathenish law on the land.

And thus, smooth as the treacherous waterfall,
That hurries to ruin boat, boatman and all ;
With blaspheming lips, Hunks' reasons were told,
Till the shuddering listeners' blood might run cold.

Of the world's useless lore he had laid in a store,
And still he unquietly thirsted for more ;
On heaven and hereafter, he'd learnedly frown,
And sarcastic, strove hard to sneer Providence down.

With Hunks, the religious man reasoned in vain,
Why talk of lost souls, there was no heaven to gain ;
We've enough in this world, both of sorrow and pain,
To take a fresh lease and try trouble again.

Thus would Hunks, with coarse ribaldry, heaven blaspheme,
Denying hereafter, and all that's supreme ;
Thus mocked he the wretched, till tears fell in streams,
And the poor looked on life as dark troubled dreams.

For God's sake ! kind reader, read on—it may move
Your heart to sweet pity, to reason, and love ;
For mercy's sake ! reader, read on—and you'll hear
Of his end, who was void of love, envy, or fear.

Still and chill was the air one bright summer's even,
And the cold stars stood silently twinkling in heaven ;
The houseless were huddled together to pine,
Till the next morrow's sun on their misery might shine.

And early old Hunks had gone up to his bed,
To sleep,—little caring who slept with the dead,
Little thinking or caring who lived or who died,
If the guardians approved and were still on his side.

For consistency's sake, he'd pursue his old plan,
And let the poor murmur—their curse was no ban ;
They always did grumble, relieve them or not,
And no doubt always would, whatever they got.

Still and chill was the air, but its silence was broke,
For, writhing with pain, the old sinner awoke,
And at midnight his bell he violently rung,
And the half-asleep maid to his bedchamber sprung.

There, helpless as childhood, the tyrant was lain,
Tormented by conscience and writhing with pain,
In whispers beseeching her—(as he grew worse)—
“Go fetch me a doctor, and find me a nurse.”

“Let none but *them* know I’m confined to my bed,
Or the news of my sickness like wild-fire will spread;
And those who have oftentimes prayed for me dead,
Will, under my window, come curse me instead.

Oh! those who once dreaded the sound of my voice,
If they heard me but groan, would leap up and rejoice;
My torments are great, each moment I’m worse,
Go fetch me a doctor, and find me a nurse.”

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Away on her mission the servant girl hied,
And soon she returned to her master’s bedside;
And over her master she watched and she wept,
While the unconscious neighbourhood peacefully slept.

And the doctor came willingly, sure was his fee,
Not for charity, mercy, or pity, came he ;
And the nurse by his bedside attentively stood,
And (thought she) 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good.

But not long was she present, ere she, fearful to go
Too near to his bedside, stood blanching with woe ;
For his features were changing to death's pallid hue,
And his lips breathing curses grew livid and blue.

Oh ! would that the rector might hear of his state,
And prepare him for death now so near to his gate ;
Oh ! would that some friend, in whom she could trust,
Would stay by her master till gathered to dust.

And she wept (tho' her master had never been kind),
'Twas the life he had led that had darken'd his mind ;
'Twas slaving had hardened his heart in his youth,
And sworn him a foe to sweet pity and ruth.

Oh ! would that the rector might hear of his state,
And prepare him for death now so near to his gate ;
Oh ! would that some friend, in whom she could trust,
Would stay by her master till gathered to dust.

And an Angel of Mercy to the rector took
The tidings, who came when all else had forsook ;
And with prayerful heart he took Hunks by the hand,
Who so soon in his Maker's dread presence must stand.

" You're too late," said the sinner, (as writhing he lay),
" And I feel that to torments my soul wings its way ;"
The eleventh hour's past, and, bowing his head,
The merciless infidel slept with the dead.

Up and down goes the news, in street, alley, and square,
And the tidings are heard with a laugh and a jeer ;
Scandal flies fast on its dirty wing,
Hunks has cut his own throat, for fear he should swing.

Many long years have vanished and gone,
Since Hunks took to slaving at Sierra Leone ;
That Hunks was a slaver, all very well knew,
But none dreamed of seeing his infidel crew.

Least of all, (when by cruisers hotly pursued),
Hunks the deep with the blood of his slaves had bedew'd ;
And here was a witness, with documents stored,
To prove that his cargo, Hunks threw overboard.

'Twas a pity that Hunks should die in his bed,
While hangmen went wandering about for their bread ;
The last of poor Hunks we had all liked to see,
Although it was high on the gallows tree.

But to die in his bed was perhaps quite as well,
For his friends dare not toll him a funeral knell ;
Lest the poor of the parish the tidings should hear,
And come to rejoice over Hunks' cold bier.

Scandal flies fast on his dirty wing,
Hunks has cut his own throat for fear he should swing ;
Surely the news is too good to be true,
But likely enough—give the d—— his due.

And, says one, to see the corn law bazaar,
There's visitors thronging both near and far ;
But before ever I stir one step towards town,
I'll see for the slaver, the blinds are all down.

And another, a boat-race comes off at Blackwall,
There's plenty without me to see fair for all :
There's more fun nearer home in hearing folks jeer,
Where the shutters are closed for the old overseer.

At the Dock Yard I'm promised full work, if I go,
I never was idle, they very well know ;
Not a day have I lost for many a year,
But I'll holiday make for the old overseer.

And I'll make one to ring the old sinner a peal,
If the least inclination the Deptford youths feel,
To let the surrounding parishes know
The old sinner is gone to his master below.

To me 'tis all useless to mourn for the dead,
They die with their virtues, whate'er may be said ;
But I've promised myself, if I e'er lived to see
Old Hunks slip his wind, I'd be merry and free.

Sorrow is banished, the heathen is dead,
His spirit has vanished,—but who'll reign instead ?
Whether he comes with a blessing or curse,
He *may* prove a better, he *cannot* a worse,

So give God the praise, let the merry bells ring,
We'll revel in hope what the future may bring ;
Let the village assemble to dance and to sing,
'Neath the window where Hunks' dark spirit took wing.

Now his partners in infamy meet so jocose,
And in search of a will they all ransack the house,
Hunks promised them all, they should find in his will
A line to repay them their friendship and skill.

Heaven! thy judgments are just, expectation is foiled;
And for this the callous hard-hearted have toiled;
Oh! wealth, thou dead dog, next of kin and no will,
Is the vulture that plucks at thy carrion still.

Now comes the pomp of the wealthy man's bier,
The livery of sorrow, but never a tear;
Never a tear from relation or friend,
As their way to the grave-yard the cavalcade wend.

But instead of the tear-bedew'd cheek, and moist eye,
And in place of the muteness of anguish, a cry
And a shout, that the fountains of sorrow are dry,
And a boast, that they saw the old overseer die.

They're well paid for their trouble, wer't only for this,
They know that he's d—d, tho' themselves hope for bliss;
All merciful heaven hath ordained it to be,
Thro' all time, the dark leaf should fall first from the tree.

The news spreads like wild-fire—He's buried to day ;
And 'tis holiday with the whole village straightway,
Hustling and bustling and jostling along,
To see the old sinner bestowed they all throng.

I ne'er thought that hatred was savage before,
That the cup of man's bitterness e'er could run o'er ;
The footstep fell light on the sick man's floor,
And death, e'en to the wicked, was sacred of yore.

But whether 'twas sorrow, fear, anguish, or dread,
I now stood in awe of the unholy dead ;
And I felt a dark spirit was crossing my path,
And pointed to mercy in justice and wrath.

And rather subdued in my spirit I stood,
And gazed on that clamorous multitude,
A little hurt, as the cavalcade moved,
To think not a soul the departed one loved.

Hungry famine no longer clamoured for bread,
Nor e'en clasped her thin fingers to pray for the dead ;
But lips that once trembled in breathing a curse,
Were blaspheming aloud the cold clay in the hearse.

Great God ! can I, without trembling, stand
To see such things done in a Christian land ?
Oh ! may I never more see such a sight,
As the poor in insulting a corse take delight.

Now they bury the heathen in Christian ground,
But the clergyman's voice by the crowd is drowned ;
For upwards arises a terrible yell—
“ Why pray for a sinner already in hell ? ”

I've told you a tale, and I've told it in rhyme,
That you may remember some other time,
Of a villain who lived and died hated, whose fate
You've oftentimes shuddered to hear me relate.

Reader, be merciful ; mindful of this,
Good works surely shorten the journey to bliss ;
Though the thread of man's destiny be ever so snarled,
That wriggling worm, poverty, writhes thro' the world.

Struggling with sorrows may make the heart bold,
But reader, farewell ! for my story is told ;
The next time we meet, may we joyfully stand,
Singing Hosannahs ! at God's right hand

Amen.

NOTES.

PART 5, VERSE 9.

“ALL theories have their day, all perversities their stated bounds. Those opinions alone defy the action of time and the vicissitudes of fashion, which rest upon the great principles of humanity and the genuine feelings of the heart. Others may triumph for a season but they soon pass away; they may shroud themselves in flimsy pretexts or deck themselves in garish titles, but their pretence will be discovered and their titles derided; the philosophy to which they lay claim will be repudiated and the prudence which they professed will be disowned. Of such a species is the Scotch economy, which grew boisterous in 1832 and rampant in 1834;—but its reign is past—its dynasty took no root in the kindlier emotions of the human heart;—it was based on selfishness and built up with conceit: it has therefore tottered from its ephemeral eminence and is falling to the ground, beneath the contempt of those who hated it, and the pity of those who loved it.”—*Leading Article, Times, October 27th, 1846.*

“It seems to be the quality of the new poor law to sully and blacken all its friends and advocates; a measure founded upon

false principles and fraught with inhumanity, injustice, and immoral tendencies, cannot well have any other effect."—*Morning Advertiser*, August 15th, 1846.

PART 5, VERSE 20.

"The rural police has been a perfect nuisance to the country ever since its first establishment. The pretence for it was the increase of crime amongst the agricultural labourers, who had universally been plunged into the deepest distress by the new poor law, by which the country gentry hoped to escape from defraying their just proportion of the poor's rates. That was a notable instance of the perversion of honorable sentiments, which cupidity in pecuniary matters effects. But the felonies thus occasioned, bore no proportion to depredations in game; and hence, in all the agricultural counties, the most strenuous exertions were put forth, supported by false estimates of the progress of real crime, to obtain the rural police. That body was desired to act as game-keepers; gentlemen thus succeeded in having their vermin protected, at the charge of their neighbours."—*Leading Article*, *Morning Advertiser*, September 13th, 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

OH ! THE PEASANT'S HAPPY, HAPPY HOME !

Oh ! the peasant's happy, happy home !
Within the lonely vale,
Where glides the brook, where wave the trees,
And sighs the vernal gale.
For lengthened were the days of joy,
And short the nights of gloom,
Where first I learnt and lived to love,
The peasant's happy home !

O'er the Atlantic's swelling surge
I made adventures brief,
And little recked what friends might fall
With autumn's yellow leaf.
The church-yard has its new raised mound,
More drear than ocean's foam ;
Farewell to hope, adieu to love,
Farewell the peasant's home.

•

EPITAPH ON JOHN H——

Short Epitaphs are best
For those now sleeping with the blest :
Cain slew his brother Abel—
Death slipped poor Johnny's cable.

THE EVENING WAS STORMY, WITH SNOW
AND WITH SLEET.

The evening was stormy, with snow and with sleet,
And the heavens were white as a winding-sheet ;
And the birds with their music had ceased to greet
The cottager's wife in her lonely retreat ;
While her husband was plodding his weary way,
O'er the dubious paths of the mountain grey ;
Homeward to love, and his faithful bride,
Her welcoming smiles, and his own fire-side.

The flocks numbed with cold, and half buried in snow,
Were stupidly gazing to and fro ;
And the cattle that wandered here and there,
Gloomily snuffed at the frozen air ;
And over the mountain came trotting down,
To feast on the fern and the sea-weed brown ;
While the shepherds went sullenly hither and thither,
For the storms of heaven were gathering together.

•
The doors of the road-side inn were closed,
And the hounds lay coiled by the fire and dozed,
And the master recited a terrible tale,
Which turned both the maid and her mistress pale;
The traveller halted, but feared to alight,
For he dreaded the gloom of the coming night,
So he muffled him up, and with whip and goad
He mettled his palfrey, and onward he rode.

The tradesman was counting his profit and loss,
For the farmers were gone from the market cross,
And his shop looked deserted and hazy and dim,
Which the morn saw all bustle and holiday trim;
For the evening was stormy, with snow and with sleet,
And the heavens were white as a winding-sheet, ~
And the farmers were gone from the market cross,
And left them to count up their profit and loss.

The dormant bat in her wintry sleep,
Clung fast to the walls of her dungeon deep,
And the old white owl had made him a bower,
Of the ivy that mantled the old clock tower;
For there was no safety in heart of oak,
While the hollow wood echoed the forester's stroke,

And here he could sit till the drowsy day
In the shadowy mist had melted away.

The thresher had sturdily wielded his flail
Till daylight and strength were beginning to fail,
So he ate his last crust, and he drank his last horn,
Hung up his crabstock, and locked up his barn ;
For the rain and the sleet were beginning to pour
Between the long chinks of the deep barn-door,
And the night would be dark and his footsteps unsure,
And dreary his journey across the wild moor.

The snow-drop and crocus were longing to peep
From their curtains of snow in the valleys deep,
And the heather was longing to smile once more
On the bees as they gathered their winter store ;
But autumn and winter their harvest had sped,
And singled and mingled the quick with the dead ;
And the weeds and the flowers together were strewn,
And December was built on the ruins of June.

The forests were silent, the valleys were still,
For the smothering snow-storm had caverned the rill ;
And the watch-dog that lay in the Baron's old hall,
Was mute as the banners that hung by the wall.

For the night it was stormy, with snow and with sleet,
And the heavens were white as a winding-sheet ;
And the forests were silent, the valleys were still,
For the smothering snow-storm had caverned the rill.

The fisherman pondered, his sons were at sea,
And in dull hazy weather what dangers there be ;
And the wretched fond mother sat down by his side,
Wrung her hands in her anguish and silently cried ;
And they prayed that the ship might be far from the land,
From the dangers that compassed their own native strand,
And that heaven, who lists to the desolate's prayer,
The vessel to harbour in safety might bear.

That ill-fated vessel at anchor lay,
With her sails all furled in the stormy bay,
She was out of her reckoning a point or more,
And had struck on a reef of the rocky shore ;
And the mariners stoutly but secretly swore,
With a captain like him they'd sail no more ;
And the captain he vowed, with looks aghast,
The voyage once ended should be his last.

And the mariners mustered on deck in affright,
For the furious waters were teeming with light,

And the hovering sea-mew grew hoarse with delight,
As her prey by the waters were driven in sight ;
And the buoyant storm-petrel, afar off at sea,
In the wake of a vessel was screaming with glee ;
For the tempest and white-crested waves were in motion,
In th' unfathomed depths, the dark strongholds of ocean.

The dove to his nest, and the fox to his cover,
The bride to the arms of her husband and lover,
The prince to his fortress, the monk to his cell,
And he who lives longest the story may tell,
And blazon his missal with dainty rhyme
For the curious reader in after-time,
When the evenings are stormy, with snow and with sleet,
And the heavens are white as a winding-sheet.

I SANK IN SLEEP AND DREAMED A
DREAM.

I sank in sleep and dreamed a dream,
That in a sunny clime,
The glowing tide of Love was flowing
Over the sands of Time ;
A glorious tide, without an ebb,
As peaceful as 'twas deep ;
O! blessings on the power that charmed
My senses in that sleep.

With her, I loved in early youth,
My long-lost love I strayed,
And plucked the flowers of Hope and Truth
From that fair river's side :
I clasped her to my arms, like one
Whose heart had long been riven,
Oh ! that I ne'er had dreamed that dream,
Or that I'd waked in Heaven.

ONE MORN IN NOVEMBER, DULL, LONELY,
AND BLEAK.

One morn in November, dull, lonely and bleak,
I journeyed from Manchester through the high peak,
Where Stain Cliffs* and the Crescent,† twin sister and
brother,
Look over the valley and smile on each other ;
And Wye‡ o'er her rocks rolls her miniature Rhine,
Where Buxton|| seems lovely, but Chatsworth§ divine,

* Stain Cliffs, opposite the Crescent, at Buxton, is noted for a barrow of a different shape from any in the county.

† The Crescent, at Buxton, a noble range of building, which cost the Duke of Devonshire in its erection £120,000.

‡ The River Wye rises near Buxton.

|| Buxton is visited in the season (*i. e.* May to October) by about 700 families.

§ Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, on the north side of which is a desolate moor (Mill Stone Edge), of fifteen or sixteen miles in extent, without tree, &c., over which no traveller can find his way without a guide.

When the mountains with garlands of heather are spread,
But spring had departed, and summer was dead.

And Mam Tor* looked as dull as the lead of her hills,
The clouds on her bosom, the ice by her rills ;
Not a leaf in the forest, nor berry on bush,
To feast the poor mavis or gladden the thrush ;
And the winter-tamed robin, cold, houseless, and poor,
With a piteous thrill seeks the cottager's door ;
While the snow driving blasts their pale terrors unfold,
And the wintry winds whistle the flocks to their fold.

I stood upon Hathersage,† mute and alone,
Where nature's wild fancy turns men into stone,
And robs the dark earth-worm of flesh, blood, and bone,
In her own dreary mansions where sun never shone ;

* Mam Tor (*i. e.* Mother Hill), an immense mountain, the sides of which are continually crumbling away in loose fragments ; $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile south-west of Eden Hole, which is twenty feet over one way and fifty or sixty the other, descending perpendicular into the earth.

† In Hathersage churchyard lies buried Little John, the companion of Robin Hood. In digging a grave in this churchyard, in the year 1784, the body of Mr. Benjamin Ashton, who was buried in the year 1725, was found congealed as hard as flint.

I stood on the spot, and I gathered my breath,
Where Little John sleeps the deep slumber of death,
When a spectre, that froze all the blood in my cheek,
Appeared, 'twas the Wizard of Derby High Peak.

I've been plundered by bandits on Terra-del-Seir,
The knife to my bosom, the gun to my ear ;
I've been shipwrecked, and boated, and struggling for
 shore,
When despair shouted triumph, and broke the last oar ;
In the heat of the battle on Waterloo's plain,
Fought my way to the ranks o'er the heaps of the
 slain ;
But danger nor fear did such terrors awake,
As the sight of that Wizard of Derby High Peak.

For his beaver was up and his forehead was bright,
As the moon-silvered wave in a deep stilly night,
His eye-lids were closed, but the glow-worm was there,
To shadow the furrows of cheeks worn with care ;
And cold and unearthly his cruel cold smile,
As the marble that frets in a ruined old aisle ;
And his silver locks hung o'er the wrinkled old neck
Of Robert the Wizard of Derby High Peak.

His form and his stature were that of a race,
Who in ages long past rode the mammoth in chase,
He'ad a scroll in his hand (it was written in blood),
Of those who had perished by fire and by flood,
By famine and slaughter, by battle and murder,
The priest and the regicide, headsman and guarder,
The abbot so haughty, the martyr so meek,
All inscribed by that Wizard of Derby High Peak.

“ I revelled on Ararat long ere the flood,
And my crimes against Heaven I there sealed with my
 blood,
And down with my tempter, from earth I was cast,
As he was from Heaven—but my penance is past ;
Now I traverse these hills for the Ancient of days,
And the Peak's lofty wonders I hymn to his praise,
Fear me not,” said the spectre, “ ’thou’rt not at my
 call,
For Jesus of Nazareth died for us all.

“ Jehovah created his image in man,
His name to revere, and his wonders to scan ;
Thou hast seen the mute glories these valleys contain,
Which the tempest and earthquake have shivered in
 vain ;

Thou hast seen, with amazement, Dame Nature, at will,
Her altars and temples from mountains distil ;
But the earth is the Lord's, and thou, man, art but dust,
Till thy spirit shall sleep to awake with the just.

“ Sow Works with thy Faith when the seed time begins,
Or the harvest thou'lt garner is sorrow and sins ;
Sow Faith with thy Works when the summer is o'er,
Lest the corn thou hast garner'd be cursed on the floor ;
Love not the worldling for vain-glory's sake,
Or thy heart on thy death-bed as surely shalt ache ;
Love not the world for the wealth it may find thee,
For riches and treasure, thou'lt leave all behind thee.

“ Fear not the storm of man's passion, 'twill fail,
It is but the summer-shower mingled with hail,
Love honor and justice, severe though their mien,
Yet their mornings are joyous—their evenings serene ;
Be thine errors remembered, thy injuries forgiven,
So shalt thou reign with the blessed in heaven,
For remember, thy Saviour was lowly and meek,”
Said Robert the Wizard of Derby High Peak.

“ When thy brother offendeth thee, think upon this,
An unquiet spirit can ne'er enter bliss,

Sheath the sword of thy wrath, 'twill make ample amends,
Leaving envy and hatred to hell and her fiends ;
And the storm and the tempest that hurry and sweep,
From Thorp Cloud* and Coit Moss,† to Castleton

Keep,‡

Shall never awake in thy bosom the terror
Thou repaid'st with thy guilt another man's error."

" What boots it that man has a cottage or throne,
A few years at most, and they're vanished and gone ;
Death smites the dull peasant and strikes at the peer,
Nor misses his aim though he shrinks back with fear,
With his cousin the worm, and all that is great,
On his forefather's ashes death lays him in state :
Let these mighty truths make thy proud spirit meek,
Farewell !" said the Wizard of Derby High Peak.

* Thorp Cloud, near the town of Ashbourn, a vast hill rising to a great height like a truncated cone.

† Coit Moss : Poole's Hole is situated in this mountain, supposed to have been the hiding place of an outlaw of that name.

‡ Castleton Keep : within the bowels of this mountain is the Devil's Cavern, so called.

VERSES WRITTEN IN MY SON'S BIBLE.

The dearest gift of all below,
A Christian parent can bestow ;
Dear boy, accept it with a kiss,
'Twill teach the road to heavenly bliss ;

Put trust in God, for Jesus' sake,
And his commandments never break ;
His holy Gospel reverent scan,
For him who died for fallen man :

So shall thy barque securely ride
Upon the world's proud stormy tide ;
So shall thy vessel near the land,
And anchor cast at God's right hand.

THE END.



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